CATATAN PELIPUR LARA

Guratan kenangan yang masih tersisa walau disapu badai

Aku kan Hentikan Dunia dan Meleleh Bersamamu (Bag. XXVII)

April 11, 2022 by kinky ninja | Leave a comment

> *If I could say it in words there would be no reason to paint.*
>
> —EDWARD HOPPER

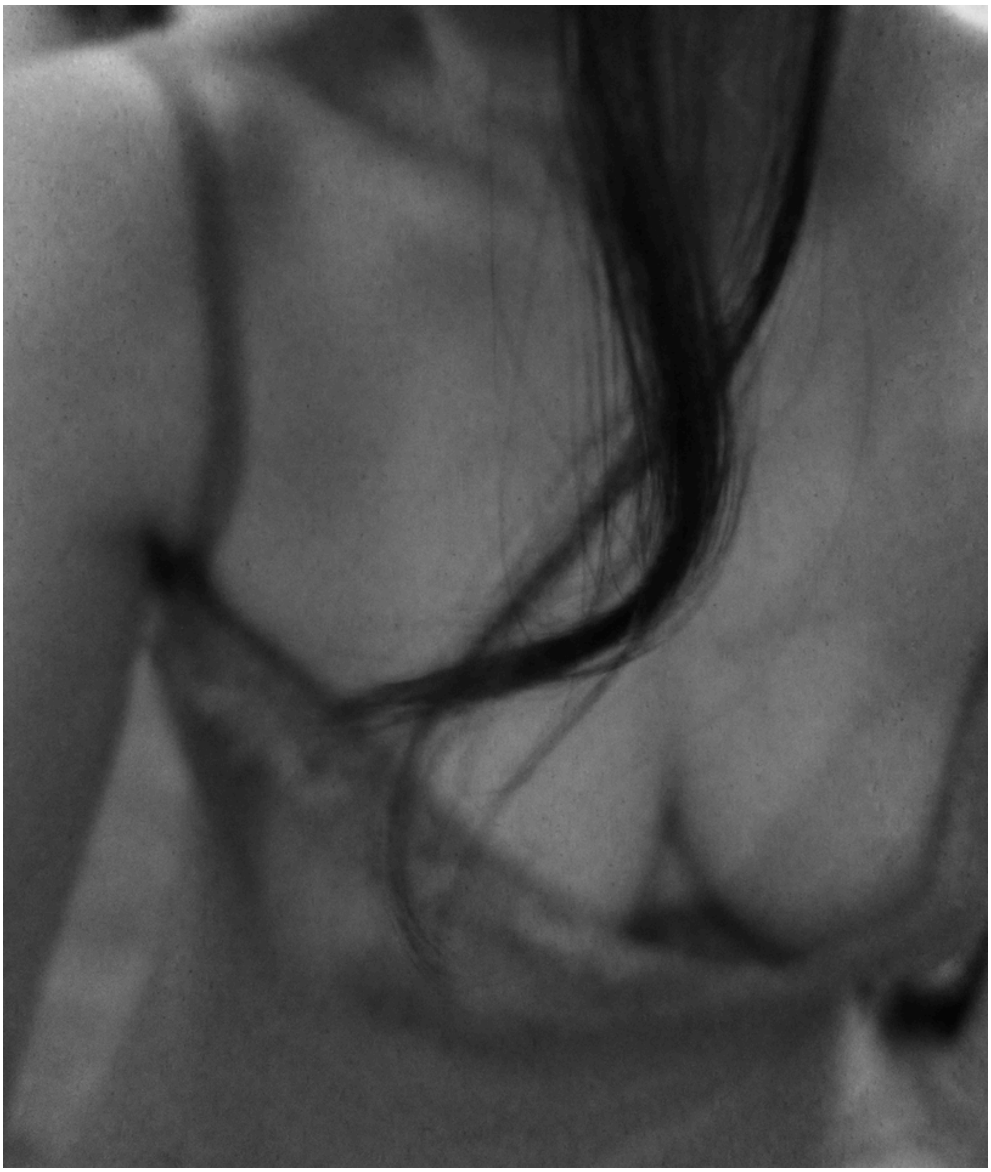
MEMORIES

- Tentang Homofobia
- Pasca Agustus '25
- Singapura, Juni 2026: Tangerine
- Gregorius Hugo
- À l'éloge des femmes plus âgées
- Manusiawi, Teramat Manusiawi
- Anarkis #12: Tentang Alfredo Bonnano
- Paradoks Kesempurnaan Sistem
- Kisah Singkat Soal Pengkhianatan
- Tentang Penderitaan

TIME

April 2022

M	T	W	T	F	S	S
				1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	



« Mar May »

RECENT RESPONSES

- kinky ninja on Pasca Agustus ’25
- pollastrius on Pasca Agustus ’25
- kinky ninja on Gregorius Hugo
- Penyuka yuka honjo on Gregorius Hugo
- kinky ninja on Anarkis #12: Tentang Alfredo Bonnano
- kinky ninja on Manusiawi, Teramat Manusiawi
- Library Assistant on Manusiawi, Teramat Manusiawi
- rex tukangtidur on Anarkis #12: Tentang Alfredo Bonnano
- kinky ninja on Kisah Singkat Soal Pengkhianatan
- kinky ninja on Tentang Penderitaan

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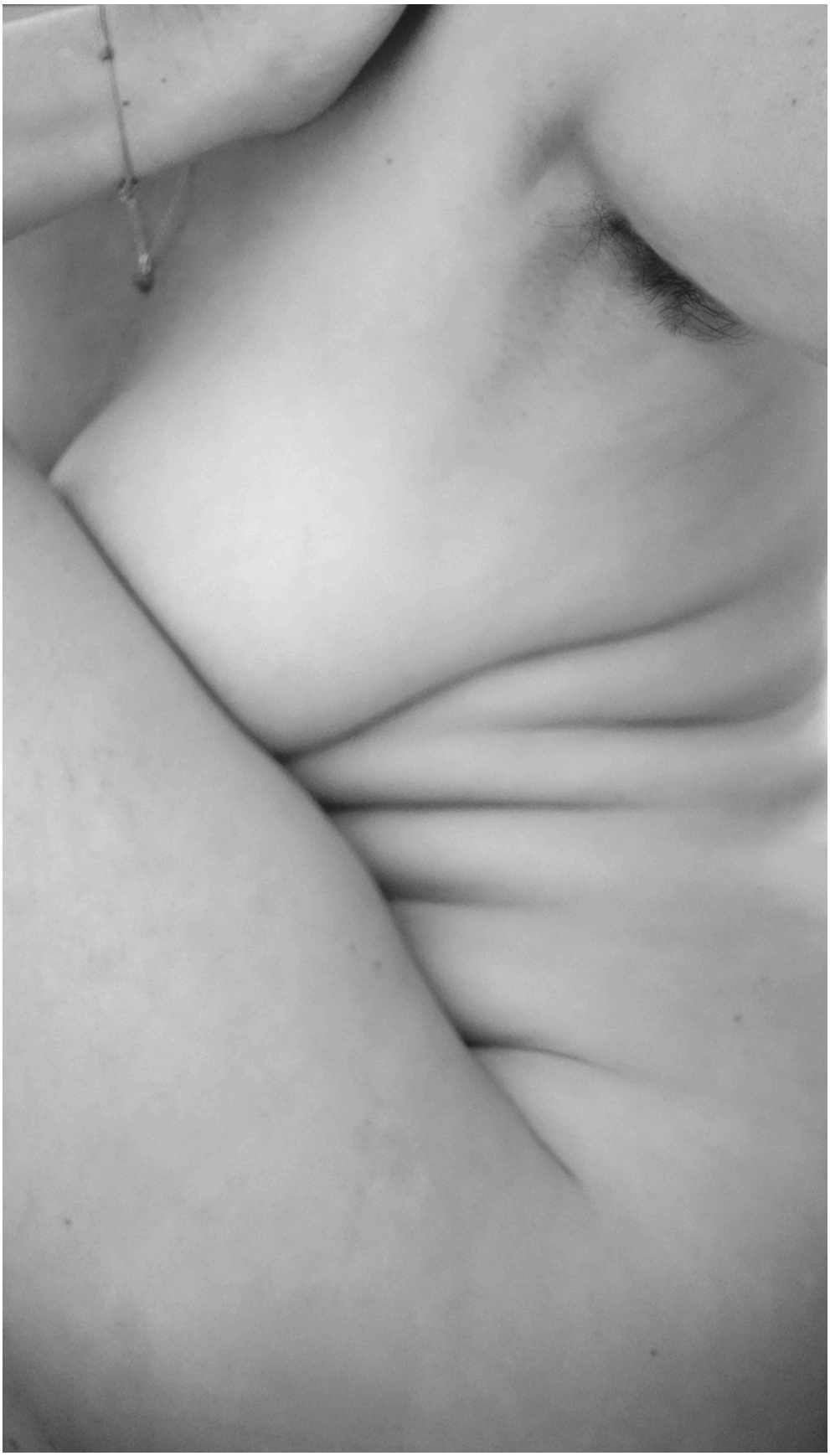
Email Address

Sign me up!

STORAGE



Select Month

STRONGEST MEMORIES

Selamat Ulang Tahun, Mentor Terbaikku

Anarkis #8: Tentang Sudut Pandang

Dunia Spektakular: 1984, Afghanistan, dan Taliban

Tentang Bergelimang Harta

Tentang Pencatatan Perjalanan

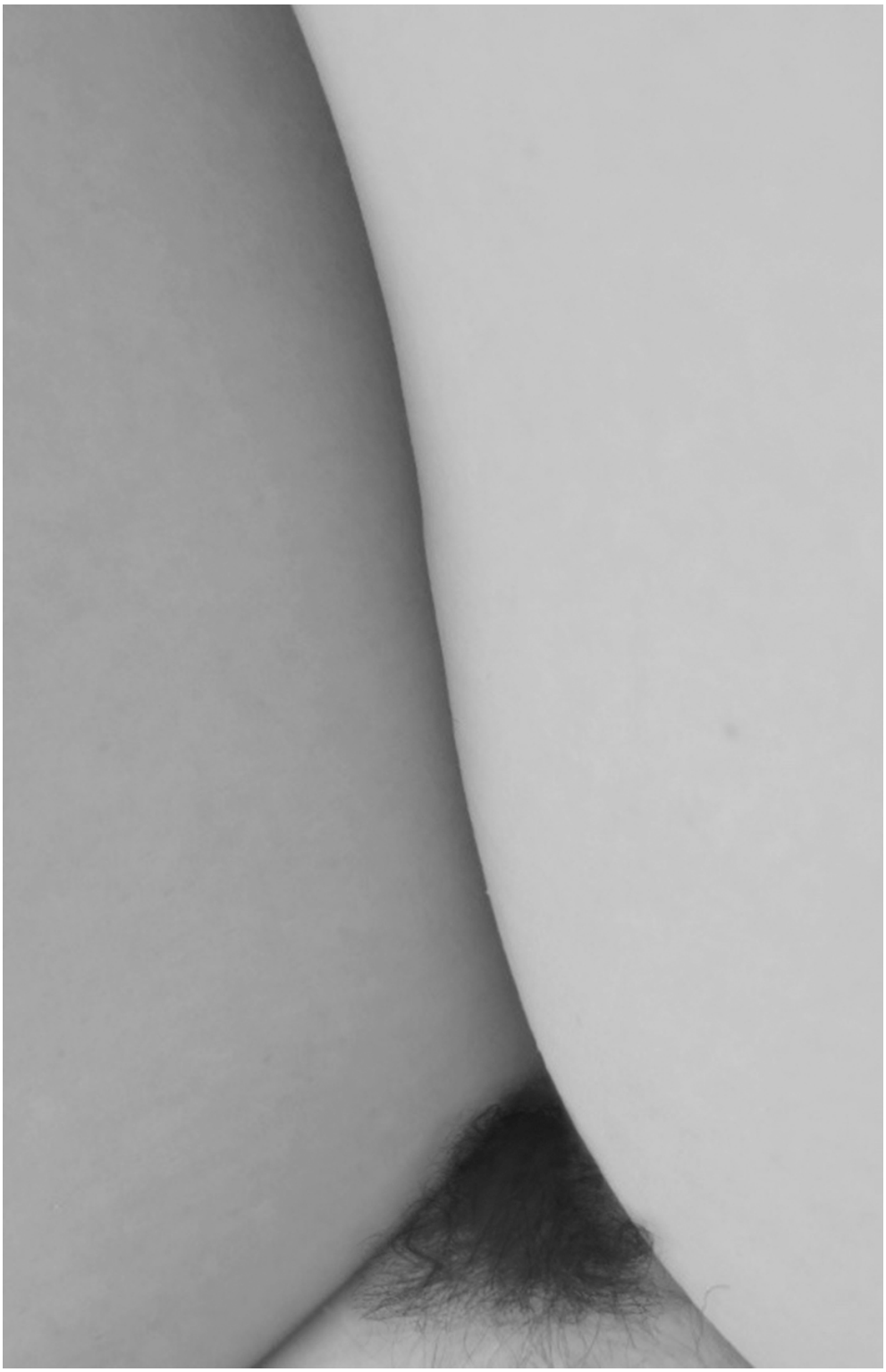
Hong Kong, Maret 2019: Kowloon Walled City, Kota Anarki Terakhir

Dunia Pascamodern: Teknologi Webcam dan Panoptikon

Antara Aku, Dirimu, dan Dirinya: Sekuel

Antara Aku, Dirimu, dan Dirinya: Prekuel

Tentang Nalar (Bag. I)



Categories: Portrait of an older woman | Permalink.

Author: kinky ninja

I am only human. Lived in Jakarta but somehow left parts of my heart somewhere else. This blog is about getting on with things as they are. The disasters are all about continuity, about finding ways of enduring in

the face of hopelessness; what we do deals in the need to find ways of telling truth in a postmodern world of rumbling emotional chaos. My writings are about both; about bearing the unbearable and giving a true account of it. This is my memories, this is my journey to fade into nothingness.

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